Boston, Jan. 4, 1837.

Dear George:

A letter (with a small parcel) dated Dec. 23d, was received from you yesterday morning. Where it had been so long detained I could not ascertain. Of course, your advertisement for an Agent, &c. will be duly inserted in Saturday's paper.

Much to the relief of dear Helen and myself, another letter from you came to hand this morning, giving the joyous information that our beloved Henry is considerably better. O, that the Great Physician in heaven may yet restore him to health – if it be possible – and are not all things possible with God? Almost miraculous recoveries sometimes take place – and may it be so in the present instance! Yet, living or dying, let us all feel inwardly to exclaim – "The will of the Lord be done!" Why should any of us desire to live, merely to gratify our senses, and to be in the world? "No man liveth to himself" – at least, no man should. Unless we are desirous to bear the cross of Christ, and to conflict with a world lying in wickedness, and to do what in us lies to bring glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men, who will be benefitted by our existence? One of my cherished maxims is, that it can never be a calamity for a good man to go to heaven, either sooner or later. Let us feel no concern whatever as to the time of our exit from this miserable world. Let us only – *by dying to self* – be prepared to enter those mansions prepared for the righteous in glory, and all will be well.

Every day, for a week past, I have purposed to write to dear Henry — but have been prevented by constant interruptions. Helen and myself having now but a single room, (as Mary Parker requires the other,) it is almost wholly out of the question to do any writing where little George is. Besides, he and Helen have been quite unwell — and as Helen has no help but myself, my time is necessarily frittered away by piece-meal, so that I bring very little to pass. I shall write to sister Sarah, and solicit her to spend some time with us in Boston, for dear Helen's sake — although H. thinks she can get along very well without her — but she cannot, being no better than a prisoner in her room from one month's end to another. If Sarah cannot come, we must have our dear friend Eliza J. Chace, or some one else.

Little George is now pretty well again. — This morning, Helen had a violent eruption over her whole body, like the erysipelas — but the Dr. thinks it is only the rash, occasioned by a cold. She is better this evening, as the humor has disappeared.

To remedy Henry's costiveness, Dr. Harrington says he may take of Lenitive Electary, (which you can obtain at any of the apothecaries,) a piece as large as a filbert daily — and more, if necessary. It is a pleasant medicine, and no doubt will answer in the present case. The Dr. was much pleased to hear of Henry's improvement, and trusts he will possess his soul in patience and hope. He would like to hear frequently how he gets along.

Tell dear Henry that he is in my thoughts continually, and that my heart is more and more attached to him. I desire to see him so much, that I am almost daily tempted to make a hurried trip to P.; but duties and engagements are so multiplying here, as to keep me fast. I am glad to hear by William Chace, that his mind is calm and placid. If I am spared, he shall certainly receive a letter from me in a few days.

The medicine was sent by the cars yesterday.

Bro. Stanton is in town. He has lectured thirty-six times within three weeks! How many times, in the sum total, must the sixty agents have spoken! He and Amos Dresser, and perhaps Weld, will be at our annual meeting in this city on the 25th inst. Hope some of our R. I. friends will also be present.

To-morrow our Gov. will deliver his annual message. Many will be curious to compare it with that of last year.

New-Year's day, Mr. Henry Chapman (who sent Henry the wine) made me a present of a hundred dollars! That was a liberal gift indeed. I ~~[illegible]~~ wish you and Henry only to be apprised of this fact, for certain reasons.

Helen wishes me to convey to Henry, all the sympathy and love that can dwell in a sister's heart towards a beloved and afflicted brother. She yearns to see his face again. She also unites with me in tendering love to Catharine, Charlotte, and all the dear friends as one.

Yours, most lovingly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

NB As the P.O. is closed, I cannot pay the postage.—Will remember it.

B. When shall I have a settlement with you?

Ms.A.1.1.2.50

Single.

10

Mr. George W. Benson,
Providence,
R. I.

JAN
5